

OLD TIME FOURTHS.

TWO TYPICAL CELEBRATIONS OF THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Plenty of Feasting and Dancing, but Not Very Much Noise—Ladies Did Not Dine With the Men in 1816—Parade of Revolutionary Heroes and Veterans of 1812.

Contrasted with the violent celebration of this up to date age, the Fourth of July of 60, 70 or 100 years ago presents a peaceful picture of hearty patriotism more in keeping with the real sentiment of the event than the present blustering fashion.

For instance, here is the way the people of Germantown, Pa., celebrated the Fourth of July of 1818. There were three cannon in the little town which had done service both in the Revolution and in the war of 1812. Several days before the Fourth the ladies of the place boiled hams, roasted sucking pigs whole, baked pies by the dozen and biscuits by the hundred, made all manner of cake generously filled with jam, and on the morning of the great day deposited the good things with the proprietor of the best tavern in town. It was the province of that important man to feed all the men and boys of the place and surrounding country with the provender supplied by their wives and daughters.

Huge tables, rough but solid, were set on the village green, as there were no buildings in those days large enough to accommodate such a great congregation of people. Early in the morning the young men of the place had fired off the cannons two or three times as official notice that the Fourth of July had come again. Powder was none too cheap then, and it was needed for more practical purposes than making a noise, so the salutes were few in number.

At the noon hour the whole community of the town met at the green, where mine host of the tavern had already heaped up the tables with the good things provided. There were speeches and a prayer, and then the work of the day began. None of the ladies dined with the men. It was not considered proper. They stood in groups near the tavern, gowned in their best and making polite comments on the diners. In the late afternoon, when all the men had eaten their fill, there was a ball in the public house, and it was here that the ladies really enjoyed the day.

In the thirties there was a change in the method of celebrating the Fourth. The country was more prosperous and its patriotism had taken a more vainglorious turn. The town of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson gave a great Fourth of July celebration in the year 1831. It was gotten up by an ambitious tradesman who had contracted the political fever and desired to represent his district in congress. He subscribed \$50 to a celebration fund, and after enlisting all the ladies of the place in the scheme he promised to make good any amount that might be needed after the other townspeople had been canvassed for contributions.

The ladies began the work weeks before the Fourth. Committees were appointed, and each member was to call upon a certain number of her friends for contributions. One lady promised to contribute "a large loaf of black cake nicely frosted for the center of the main table, two dozen boiled hams and six dozen soda biscuits." Furthermore, she said she would help set the tables and give the use of her silver spoons and cake basket. This was a prize contribution. Another lady, whose husband had already subscribed \$10, promised for the event six loaves of cake, six dozen biscuits and also enough cut flowers from her garden to decorate the tables. She also tendered the services of her coachman for the day and the use of her farm horses for conveying the provisions to the banquet grounds, a grove about two miles from the village.

Powder was purchased by the ambitious politician, and the village cannon was shot off at regular intervals during the morning of the Fourth. He also gave small change to the boys of the town, and this was used to buy peppermint candy and gingerbread. Firecrackers were very expensive things then, and few boys cared to indulge in the luxury of using them, even if they had the financial means.

In the morning all the people who had promised provisions had them carried to the vestibule of the church, which was used as a depot on that day. The streets leading to the church were teeming that morning with servants and housewives, all carrying baskets filled with the good things. From the church they were carried to the grove. There, from early sunrise, young ladies and young men were busy making and setting the rude tables, also a place for the orator of the day.

The latter had been invited from a neighboring town because of his wide reputation for eloquence. He was a young man, who wore his hair long and affected an artistic indifference to the common affairs of life. He was also eccentric in his dress, and in ordinary conversation used nothing but the most ponderous language.

At midday all the preparations at the grove had been completed, and the people gathered at the church for the grand procession to the festival place. A band composed of young men of the village led the way, followed by the three finest equipages to be had, in which sat the aged Revolutionary heroes. The 1812 veterans marched next, and then came all kinds of vehicles, from the heavy farm wagon to the light buggy, containing the children and the very old folks. All the others walked, and to the mixed train of the band made a fine showing.

At the grove the minister offered a prayer, and then the ambitious politician read the Declaration of Independence in his finest voice. Next came the orator of the day, who of course took as his theme patriotism and the great and growing country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

AMERICA'S CIVIL HERO.

Thomas Jefferson, the Swiftest Patriot, Champion of Human Progress.

In Richmond Jefferson stands on a pedestal of the equestrian statue of Washington, along with Patrick Henry, Marshall and George Mason. But he ought to stand alone, for it was he who, by an unequalled Declaration of Independence, transcribed a revolt inside of British jurisdiction to a revolution outside by saying to the world that the 13 colonies were no longer colonial dependencies, but free and independent states.

Jefferson was a hero, swordless, yet aggressive, patriotic and far-reaching and far-seeing. The bell that proclaimed liberty from Independence had put him in peril. For had the American cause been a failure he would have been executed by the king whom he denounced as a tyrant before all mankind.

No man ever lived who so championed the personal and religious rights of the people and who was to the last hour of his life so devoted to the cause of human progress in civil government. He laid the foundations of government so deep and strong that for over a century they have resisted the assaults of its enemies.—New York Mercury.

Oratory of the Good Old Days.

Here is a sample of the style of the old time Fourth of July orator. It refers to the signers of the Declaration:

"Behold those iron hearted men armed with dauntless valor and incensed in a panoply that no human force could shatter, and in readiness for battle, stalk boldly forward, and with one stroke of the pen cause a vibration that shall only cease to be felt when the universe returns to primal chaos. Then listen, in imagination, to the vociferous and long continued huzzas that rent the welkin, to the boom of cannon and the universal ringing of church bells, which announced to an intensely interested world the never to be forgotten fact that independence of kingly and monarchical tyranny had been declared with trumpet tongue and would henceforth prevail and conquer, till every individual human being would, and of right ought to be, forever free."—Selected.

A Declaration of Rights.

The Declaration of Independence is essentially a declaration of rights. Every line of it is based upon the assumption not merely that this country should be free from foreign interference—for to the American colonists the English were not foreigners—but that all political power is inherent in the people and that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and may be altered or abolished whenever the people will. This is the great principle of liberty that Englishmen already had asserted again and again in their history against various kinds of tyrants.—Philadelphia Times.

Danger in a Fireworks Factory.

The one really dangerous place in a fireworks factory is the laboratory where is made the fulminate of silver used in the torpedoes and percussion shells and caps of all sorts. Muslin and cheesecloth are used here for tops of tables, covers for boxes and everything that has to come into contact with the explosive, for just as soon as the sensitive fulminate encounters resistance away it goes, and so do the four walls about it. The ideal laboratory would be made of mosquito netting, but this would let the rain in, and the shock of a drop would make things too lively.—Exchange.

Teach the Children Patriotism.

Let us teach our children the duty of patriotism. Posterity will hold us responsible for the neglect; the future will rise to bless us for the maintenance of union under the constitution. The heroic past has bespoken our gratitude; let the present and the future behold our unflinching exertions in the advocacy, in the dissemination, in the perpetuation of those principles vitalized on this day, and which will be commended by people yet unborn, in accents yet unknown.—Selected.

Cost of Silk Flags.

The usual material for flags is bunting, because this, being soft, does not "whip" in the wind like a stiff material, and because nothing holds its color as well. But there are silk flags made to order for great occasions or for rich clubs that want the best. A silk flag 12 by 18 feet—as large as an ordinary sitting room carpet—sells for \$150, and a size smaller sells for \$100. It is the work that counts after the first cost of the material.—Exchange.

Mending the Old Flag.

In the silent gloom of a garret room, With cobwebs round it creeping, From day to day the old flag lay— A veteran worn and sleeping. Dainty old each reticulated fold By the dust of years was shaded, Wounds of the storm were upon its form; The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day twilight This thing of humble seeming, That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd Had carried its colors gleaming. Stained with mold were the braids of gold, That had flashed in the sun rays' kissing, Of faded hues was its field of blue, And some of the stars were missing.

Three northern maids and three from glades Where dreams the southland weather, With glances kind and arms entwined, Came up the stair together. They gazed awhile, with a thoughtful smile, At the crouching form before them, With clinging hold they grasped its fold And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars And brought them all together (Three northern maids and three from glades Where smiles the southland weather). They mended away through the summer day Made glad by an inspiration To fling it high at the summer sky On the birthday of our nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air, With a brisk breeze round it creeping, Newly bright through the gleaming light The flag went gladly sweeping. Red, white and blue were its braids of gold, And flashed in the sun rays' kissing, Red, white and blue were of deepest hue, And none of the stars were missing. —Will Carleton.

FEISENTHALS' GUN.

PALE OF A CHICAGO FAMILY OF ANCIENT LINEAGE.

How They Celebrated the Glorious Fourth. Firing Begun at Sun Up—For Eighteen Hours a Fat Belled Cannon Roared Deafeningly to Ravishers of Liberty.

The Feisenthals lived in Desplaines street, a patriarchal family of a lineage so ancient that they might have claimed relationship with the crepuscular forms of life, own kinsmen to the amoebae and their fellow aristocrats. They kept a rag shop, and it was their purpose to conciliate at times, to placate more often, occasionally to bewilder the products of another race—a very old and honorable race, to be sure—which crossed the orbit of civilization to the lasting terror of the stars some 2,000 years after Moses.

There was Solomon Feisenthal, patriarchal as to beard and mien, slow but sure of speech, to whom all the tenement looked up as if his queer old hand had guided the way to the tablets of stone. There was his young brother David, and David's Solomon and Solomon's David's Solomon and David's Solomon's David and Rose's Rachel and Rachel's Rose and Levi and Jacobs and Isaac until the Irish neighbors, skilled enough in discriminating Mike's Paddy from Paddy's Mike and Big Mike from Little Mike, were in distress to properly differentiate, but classed the ragman's family as "chim Feisenthals," and made descriptive particulars as "the Feisenthal that lost his ear" or "the Feisenthal that belongs to the Second regiment."

It was David's Solomon's David who owned the Fourth of July cannon, as much as any one of that pastoral family could own anything as an individual.

The cannon was a curious contraption, long as it was broad, with a huge belly resting on a wooden carriage, a gaping mouth and a general appearance of sullen ferocity, in which it was challenged by nothing else under the heavens except the pictured Gila monster. It would hold as much powder as a man could carry in his hat. It was touched off with a slow fuse. In its convulsions it leaped upward and bounded as much as ten feet. It had come to the Feisenthals in the course of business, and the use of it for patriotic purposes had been suggested by the cannon of the Quinn boys across the street. Thereafter the Quinn cannon spit and barked in vain.

It is the Fourth of July—the morning. There have been various trivial outbursts of explosive patriotism in the barrooms along Madison street. Sundry bibulous persons have set off crackers in the street and met with reproaches from their fellow passengers and the top of the handle broke from the conductor. But at last silence comes. The city lies asleep and the blanketing hush of the hour before dawn has settled upon its chimneys. Suddenly—

Crash! Bang!

Little boys and young men awaken and rub their eyes. Feverish older people toss over in their beds and cry, "D— those Feisenthals." A thrill of life runs through the west side. A cracker starts, another, a bunch in a barrel! The saloon keeper on the corner, with his suspenders hanging from his hips, blunders to the door, and sighting with an eye like a slit in a poached egg, fires both barrels of his shotgun into his neighbor's windows. The Husher boys have exploded the anvil in their father's smithy. The fire wagons are scurrying to Strunk's barn. Herman Fink, tapster under Tom's lodging house—he and his hired help are wrestling out the trees in tubs that signalize a holiday to West Madison street. Brief, another independence day has dawned on the west side.

But are the Feisenthals moved by the importance of their situation? Are they concerned because they have awakened 100,000 of their fellow citizens to an adequate appreciation of American independence? Not they. If a Feisenthal had put his name to the Declaration of Independence or bawled his defiance at Lord North in the house of burgesses, you would have learned of it from other lips. Not from them! What have the actions of a race that blinked in the twilight of history to do with the day before yesterday? Their business is at hand. It consists in firing the fat belled cannon for 18 hours.

Thus soberly and orderly proceeded the Feisenthal celebration in the alley back of the rag shop, one shepherd succeeding the other in superintendence of the cannon. The cannon itself was true to its employers. It belched out flame and coughed and roared and leaped across the alley and hurled his frozen fat against the clapboards of the undertaker's house next door. Other weapons might fail. The roar of crackers and firearms would pause, would flutter, would break out in crazy discord, would pause again. But with the punctuality of a cosmic game the Feisenthals' cannon renewed its sullen defiance to the ravishers of liberty.

Evening came and it was still braying. The Feisenthals gave no heed to the geogaws of celebration. Red fire burned from Fischer's flour mill to the new hay market and the halls of roman candles burned around the spires of St. Patrick's church and rockets ran a fiery course above Mackell's hall. But no light gleamed in front of the rag shop. Nevertheless every rocket that blazed along the curtain of heaven, spilling its reverberations of the Feisenthal cannon, irrepressible, chromometrical, unappealable as fate.

The evening came and went. The last blazing spark had challenged the stars. The blistered and ragged patriots had returned to a well earned rest. For a moment there was peace. Then the earth quaked, the stars recoiled, the maw of eternity opened. There came a belch of fire from the alley and a billow echoed rolled to the confines of the city. The Feisenthals had fired all that remained of their gunpowder. And all the world slept.—Chicago Times-Herald.

LINCOLN AND JACKSON.

Two Patriots Whose Names Should Never Be Forgotten.

Lincoln owed nothing to his birth, everything to his growth; had no training save what he gave himself; no nurture, but only a wild and native strength. His life was his schooling, and every day of it gave to his character a new touch of development. His manhood not only, but his perception also, expanded with his life. His eyes, as they looked more and more abroad, beheld the national life and comprehended it, and the lad who had been so rough cut a provincial became, when grown to manhood, the one leader in all the nation who held the whole people singly in his heart—held even the southern people there and would have won them back. And so we have in him what we must call the perfect development of native strength, the rounding out and nationalization of the provincial. Andrew Jackson was a type, not of the nation, but of the west. For all the tenderness there was in the stormy heart of the masterful man, and stanch and simple loyalty to all who loved him, he learned nothing in the east; kept always the flavor of the rough school in which he had been bred; was never more than a frontier soldier and gentleman.

Lincoln differed from Jackson by all the length of his unmatched capacity to learn. Jackson could understand only men of his own kind. Lincoln could understand men of all sorts and from every region of the land; seemed himself, indeed, to be all men by turns as mood succeeded mood in his strange nature.—Forum.

Big Men on the Fourth.

There is the man who fires the cannon, to the immense enthusiasm of the little boys and the terror of the ladies, who realize what a hero he must be when he can stand so close to the death dealing instrument during a concussion which even at a distance makes them stop their ears. He is even more important than the man who bosses the barbecue, and is immeasurably above the man who stirs the lemonade, who in turns shoots out the lip at him who puts up the swings as a fellow of low occupation and worthy of no consideration. So great is the immortal Fourth that, in fact, it communicates some of its greatness to every one who on that day does anything of a public character, and every citizen who has been appointed or has appointed himself to any public function in virtue of that fact feels entitled to lift his head above his fellows.—Exchange.

Over Thirty Years Without Sickness.

Mr. H. WETSTEIN, a well-known, enterprising citizen of Byron, Ill., writes: "Before I paid much attention to regulating the bowels, I hardly knew a well day; but since I learned the evil results of constipation, and the efficacy of



AYER'S PILLS, I have not had one day's sickness for over thirty years—not one attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife had been, previous to our marriage, an invalid for years. She had a prejudice against cathartics, but as soon as she began to use Ayer's Pills her health was restored."

AYER'S Cathartic Pills
Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.
To Restore Strength, Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.—State of Michigan.

In the Circuit Court for the County of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition of the State of Michigan, as presented to the said court, and that the same has been duly filed for record.

Dated at Detroit, Michigan, this 15th day of June, A. D. 1896.

Wm. H. MASON, Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 22nd day of June, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Peter Walker is complainant, and Freeman L. Roe, Susanah Roe, Albert L. Roe, Allen Roe, Stephen Martin, John W. Buckner, Susan Buckner and John F. Robinson are defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Friday, the 15th day of May, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant, for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described parcel of land, to-wit:

The certain premises lying and being in the township of Bloomingdale, county of Van Buren, state of Michigan, known as the north half the south-west quarter of section five, in town one south, of range fourteen west, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated Paw Paw, Mich., March 26, A. D. 1896.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Hannah Van Anken is complainant, and Arthur L. Anderson, Jennie Anderson, Lyman A. Fossen, Mollie Fossen, Edwin H. Luce and Florence Luce are defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, county of Van Buren, state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described parcel of land, to-wit:

The southeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section twenty-four (24) in town one (1) south, range fifteen (15) west, containing forty acres of land, more or less.

Dated, Paw Paw, Mich., June 27th, 1896.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Hannah Van Anken is complainant, and Arthur L. Anderson, Jennie Anderson, Lyman A. Fossen, Mollie Fossen, Edwin H. Luce and Florence Luce are defendants.

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The southeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of section twenty-four (24) in town one (1) south, range fifteen (15) west, containing forty acres of land, more or less.

Huckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and Positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Longwell Bros., Druggists, Paw Paw, and J. F. Barrows Lawrence.

Consumption

TO THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

The Editorial and Business Management of this Paper Guarantees this generous Proposition.

LEGAL NOTICES.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Edna Haney is complainant, and James Dillon, Hattie Dillon, Joseph C. O. Allen and Phoebe Elme are defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Thursday, the 30th day of July, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant, for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described parcel of land, to-wit:

The north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-west quarter (1/4) of section twenty (20) and the north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-two (22) in township two (2) north of range fourteen (14) west, and the north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-two (22) in township two (2) north of range fourteen (14) west, of the township of Waverly, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan.

Dated Paw Paw, June 16th, A. D. 1896.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Edna Haney is complainant, and James Dillon, Hattie Dillon, Joseph C. O. Allen and Phoebe Elme are defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Friday, the 31st day of July, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant, for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described parcels of land, to-wit:

The north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-west quarter (1/4) of section twenty (20) and the north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-two (22) in township two (2) north of range fourteen (14) west, and the north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-two (22) in township two (2) north of range fourteen (14) west, of the township of Waverly, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan.

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Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Friday, the 31st day of July, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant, for principal, interest and costs in this cause, of the following described parcels of land, to-wit:

The north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-west quarter (1/4) of section twenty (20) and the north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-two (22) in township two (2) north of range fourteen (14) west, and the north-east quarter (1/4) of the north-east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-two (22) in township two (2) north of range fourteen (14) west, of the township of Waverly, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan.

Dated Paw Paw, June 16th, A. D. 1896.

CHANCERY SALE.—In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren, in the state of Michigan, made and dated on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1896, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Edna Haney is complainant, and James Dillon, Hattie Dillon, Joseph C. O. Allen and Phoebe Elme are defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the village of Paw Paw, county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Friday, the 31st day of July, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise the amount due to the complainant, for